STACK ANNEX 5 066 418

MORY OF STANFORD TAYLOR





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IN MEMORY

OF

HELEN STANFORD TAYLOR

Who, in her eighteenth year, passed from earthly being on the evening of the third day of June, nineteen hundred.

BY E. R. T.

FIFTY COPIES PRINTED AT SAN FRANCISCO FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION IN THE MONTH OF JULY AND YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED

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•

Oh, give me words all steeped in tears, And heated in the hottest fire

My heart has known in all its years, To body forth my grief's desire;

To speak of her who was to me A vision of celestial light, But whom I can no longer see No matter where I strain my sight.

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AN this be day? The sun is up, And I have had my breakfast cup;

The wagons roll along the street Where men go by with hastening feet;— Ah, yes, it must be day.

Ι

But come and see where cold she lies, Death's fingers on her once-bright eyes; With pallid lips that cannot stir; The aching mother bent o'er her;—

Ah, no, it is not day.

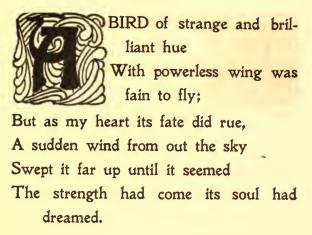


CANNOT deem that she is dead; I cannot think that she has fled

Forevermore from me;

For in the midst of nightly things There is a something subtile brings Her form again to me.

Ш





OW bloomed round her the flowers of nurturing care, How breathed on her Home's kindliest summer-air,

How softly smooth her daily paths were made,

From that sweet moment Life first gave her breath

Until that bitter time her dear head laid Its lilied loveliness in lap of Death!



Y heart was kept with fear astir

Lest lightest harm might come to her;

My lips could not have dared to speak One word to pale her bloomy cheek.

V

But now my fears are gathered up In grief's exhaustless wormwood-cup, And though I spoke in loudest tone Her cheek no paler hue could own.



N mystery's face I did but peer When she my heart with

love did fill,

And yet her pulseless beauty here Breeds mystery which is greater still.

VII



HOSE dainty fingers, how they swept The keys until the music leapt

With bounding, heartsome thrill; But now as on her breast they lie, They from Death's organ wring a cry Than polar ice more chill.

VIII

ROM out a wood where waters ran As only joyful waters can, Where flower and tree with rapture heard The ecstacy of many a bird, And in the air was such a lull That everything of peace seemed full, I sudden came upon a cave With brooding gloom as of the grave, And peering in the darksome nave, Awe-struck I saw upon a stone A mother bowed in grief alone.

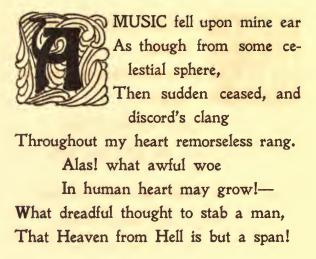
IX



H, mournful joy to call to mind

What often comes at memory's beck:

To see around each other's neck, Like honeysuckles intertwined, The arms of mother and of her Whom Death forbids dear Love to stir.



XI



LONE I lay on desert sands, No water near my palsied hands,

Above me vultures' ravening bills, And in my heart the grief that kills.

'Twas but a dream, as well you say, And as a dream, has passed away; Then let us kneel beside her bier And beg the faith that casts out fear.

XII



OW far I've come since I was born To be thus stricken and forlorn;

To halt beside Life's rugged road And pray for strength to bear my load.

XIII



N angel met me in the wood

And led me where her sister stood;

Then each one kissed me on the cheek, But not a word did either speak. They vanished, but I knew that they Had brought me flower of peace that day.

XIV

HE fog rolls in as it has rolled For years that never can be told, And all the sky is dull and gray As in the far-off, olden day; And hearts still ache Until they break, As it has been since Death held sway.

But though the fog be deeper rolled The sun's above it as of old; No sky can be so dull and gray But that the blue will have its way; And hearts will wake For love's dear sake, As it has been since Life held sway.

XV



WOMAN, great of form and face, Who seemed to be of Sorrow's race.

Led me away from sun-bright air, And from the trees and blossoms fair, To lonely depth of solemn wood Where but the sombre cypress stood.

She gently breathed a wordless prayer, Then left me strangely dreaming there; And when I waked, a newer grace Was round me as with love's embrace, And forth I went in heartened mood Beneath the spell of chastening's good.

19

XVI



HAT note is this which sweeps Along the mountain steeps, Where neither grass nor tree

Nor verdured thing can be?

'Tis Life's great trumpet blown By lips that heroes own: "The death-strewn Past is gone— The Present's yours;—march on!"

XVII



HE world o'erflows its cup of woe, Each heart has felt the knife of pain;

But I would have my soul to know That all is best, that God doth reign.

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Ν

O Grief that is darker than night! O Sympathy brighter than light! Mysterious twins, I have heard Your awfullest, soothingest word.

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